Qu. O thou wel skild in curſes, ſtaie a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the nights, and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, wil teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine.
Q. Mar. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine. *Exit Mar.*
Du. Why ſhould calamitie be ful of words?
Qu. Windie atturnies to your Client woes,
Aerie ſucceeders of intestate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Duch. If ſo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſons ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From al the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tel me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike *I* ſaie. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

Or with the clamorus report of war
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my ſon?
King. I, *I* thanke God, my father and your ſelfe,
Du. Then patiently here my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeach.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Du. Art thou ſo haſtie *I* haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie,
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Du. No by the holie roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtile, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breake faſt once forth of my companie,
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me ſpeake for I ſhal neuer ſee thee more.
King. Come, come, you art too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Eeare from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauy curſe,
Which in the daie of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victorie,